



ADDENDA

(underlining indicates correction)

PROSE & POEMS

One Starling Above and Winter Crossing	
<u>poems by Patricia and Jonathan Mather</u>	53
Held in an Open Hand poem by Katy Nielsen....	<u>front of</u> <u>insert</u>

ARTWORKS

<u>Photo by Michael Karna</u>	11
<u>Photo by Dwight Evalt</u>	21
<u>Embroidery by Jason Blackburn</u>	33
<u>Photo by Larry Haskell</u>	59

We would like to give a special thanks to Bob Gwinn and his work study staff for printing the magazine and being so cooperative.

Thanks, also, to David Ferraro for his fine publicity posters. We couldn't have made it without you!

HELD IN AN OPEN HAND

*You did not know that I watched you,
dreamer, playing god with grains of sand
on the windy beach.*

*The sand shifts uneasy,
until you cup it gently in your open hand;
it rests there, content.*

*But try to grasp it desperately
in a fist. It slips away, disappears.
Hold your dreams, and hold me, as gently.*

Katy Nielsen



RAIN
Clatsop Community College
Astoria, Oregon 97103

EDITOR: Victoria Coons

DESIGNER: Linda Ramirez

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Forrest F. Schuck

PROSE AND POETRY EDITOR: Linda Steffan

EDITORIAL STAFF: Jim Dimmick, Scott Harper, Kirk McKinley,
Rob Mumford, Gail Rosenthal, Ted Stethem,
Jim Wheeler

ART EDITOR: Linda Ramirez

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: Forrest F. Schuck

PHOTO PRINTING: Tim Harrison

TYPING: Norma Riley

BUSINESS MANAGER: Barbara Martin

ADVISOR: Ralph M. Wirfs

RAIN is a class project of WR. 199, Writing for Publication. A magazine of ideas, the non-performing arts, and local history and folklore, it is financed by and published by Clatsop Community College, Astoria, Oregon.

RAIN editors invite contribution from any resident of the Lower Columbia region. Send contributions to RAIN Magazine, Clatsop Community College, Astoria, Oregon 97103. Include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

All opinions and attitudes expressed are those of the individual writers, artists, or staff members involved. RAIN is not intended, in any respect, to represent the official attitudes or views of Clatsop Community College, its Board of Directors, Trustees, Administration, or Faculty.

All further rights to the use of artworks and writing published herein are retained by the artists and writers. Any reproduction of these works by any means, is expressly prohibited unless done with the written consent of the artist or writer.

TABLE OF CONTENTS
Poems, Articles, and Stories

From behind my eyes	poem by Jonathan Mather	6
Alone	poem by Elisia Bradley	7
Snowstorm in Riverview Cemetery	poem by Victoria Coons	9
Late Afternoon	short story by Dorotha Radich	10
Thread Song	poem by Jonathan Mather	18
What I'd like to do someday	poem by Robert Legg	19
The Spaces Between Fire	poem by Joseph W. Hinton	20
Deep Diver	poem by Eric Johnson	21
The Old Man	poem by Allison Larkin	21
Motion	poem by Linda Steffan	22
The Art of the Edged Pen	article by Gail Rosenthal	24
Extra Sensory Perception	poem by Dorotha Radich	27
CCC	poem by Theresa Everitt	28
Diplomacy and the Cat	poem by Linda Steffan	30
Tending Bar	article by Joan Russ	32
Mary	poem by Victoria Coons	33
Eye	short story by Joseph Kolman	34
Black Bears	poem by Scott Harper	41
Grandpa's Hands	poem by Arne Denny	43
Fisherman	poem by Doug Sheaffer	44
After My 12th Birthday	poem by Aubrey Compton	46
Snow	poem by David Ferraro	46
Monopoly	poem by Aubrey Compton	47
Avalanche	poem by Brian Bilsborrow	49
The Exit of a Logger	article by Jean Roberts	51
The Spirit of God/Der Geist Von Gott	poem by John Malcom McRae Jr.	52
Picking up the Pieces	poem by Therese Shellabarger	52
One starling above	poem by Jonathan Mather	53
Winter Crossing	poem by Jonathan Mather	53
I spit into the wind	poem by Kirk McKinley	53
One night as I went walkin	poem by Joe Stevenson	55
Trail's End: Mink or Swim	article by Arne Denny	56
Held in an Open Hand	poem by Katy Nielsen	63

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Artworks

Etching	by Linda Ramirezcover
Photo	by Michael Karna 2
Photo	by Michael Karna 7
Drawing	by Marcia Curtis 8
Woodcut	by Linda Ramirez 8
Etching	by Polk Riley III 8

Woodcut	by Stephen Harbour19
Drawing	by Martha Johnson21
Woodcut	by Diane Bilsborrow22
Etching	by Polk Riley III23
Etching	by Kent Dickey23
Photos	by Arne Denny24-26
Drawing	by Kent Dickey29
Embroidery	by *33
Drawing	by Eric Swedberg39
Drawing	by Kent Dickey40
Woodcut	by Diane Bilsborrow42
Woodcut	by Kent Dickey42
Drawing	by Eric Swedberg42
Drawing	by Ted Stethem43
Woodcut	by Tish Dutton45
Woodcut	by Stephen Harbour47
Drawing	by Eric Swedberg49
Drawing	by Martha Johnson50

Drawing	by Joe Stevenson54
Photos	by Arne Denny56-58
Photo	by Michael Karna59
Photo	by David Mackey59
Drawing	by Rita Huhtala60

Photo copy work on all artworks
by Forrest F. Schuck

* Mystery Artist - Identity obscured by the mists of
time and staff ineptitude.

From behind my eyes the sound

wings on glass

If I had known the words

I would have changed my hands to golden apples

Picked them at the wrists to give

Without a thought as to where the seeds

might bloom.

With the first spoken word she turned to go

Her legs bending -- willow shoots in dark winter water

As the night lapped up

around her.

Jonathan and Patricia Mather

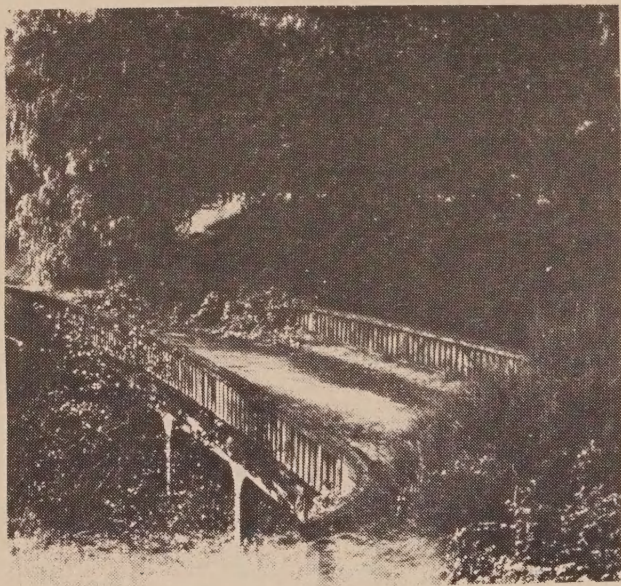
ALONE

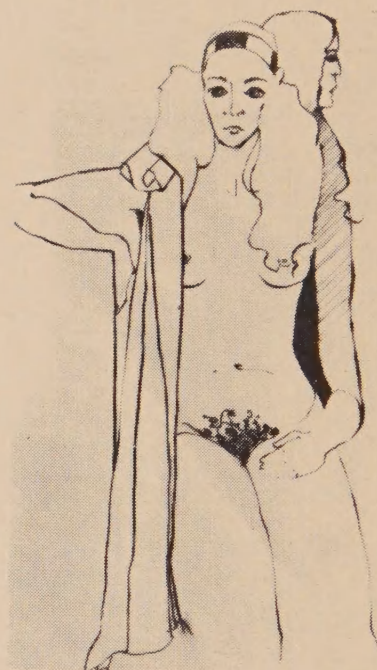
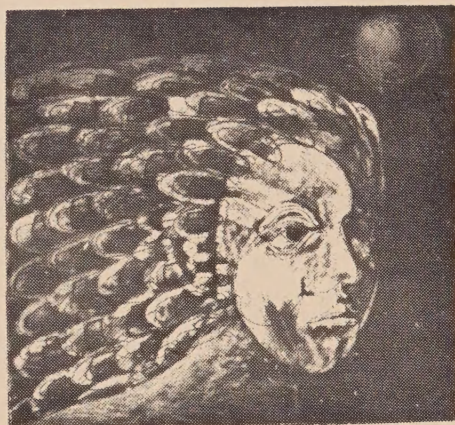
*I found one shirt
Among the empty hangers,
And, in a suitcase, those pants
I never mended.*

*Thrown back blankets
Revealed the outline of your head
Upon the pillow, reluctantly fading.
It held no warmth.*

*In my dreams
Your shadow echoes
Leaving me less empty.
It's only an illusion.*

Elisia Bradley





Snowstorm in Riverview Cemetery

1

The discourteous wind tricked
A snow-burdened branch,
Once,
To slip flickers of
Pallid, porous
Shadows
Upon a resting bed of stone.

2

The dark eyes of my horse
Blackened with suspicion,
And did not notice
The withered flowers
Which lay forgotten in the ice.

3

For a moment,
I could see the family,
(Had it been last summer?)
Hesitant and awkward,
They bent to place
Their careful tokens in weeds.

Victoria Coons

4

But on this winter's day,
A less stark sun
waited
By the splintered old graveyard
Railings,
Prodding weathered wood
To die
A little more.

And the death of boards
Should not be mourned.
The muffled hoofbeats,
Too,
Had their moment.

5

The deep, bare prints
In the cold
Remained only until
The comforting dream in
White
Descended again.

She might not remember her married name, as the shadows of life lengthened, but existence itself still lay clear and vivid before her.

LATE AFTERNOON

Dorotha Radich

What would they say, she wondered, if she were to tell them that she could not remember her own name? She smiled enigmatically over her knitting. It was an absurd situation. It wasn't true, she amended, that she had forgotten her very own name; her own name, Rose, was all she could remember. It was only, and trivially, that she had for the moment, forgotten the name of the man she had married some sixty years ago. . .no, make that sixty-seven years.

Shutting her ears to the strident clatter of the television set . . .the shrill voices of her daughter and grandchildren raised in some inane argument, she let her thoughts run on. There were, she told herself complacently, so many young men she might have married and unconsciously she rocked a little faster at the thought of those young men.

The sharp fall she had had this morning in the garden had done this to her. Fortunately she had managed to get up before anyone saw her, but when she finally got herself back to the house a glance at

the kitchen clock told her she must have lain where she had fallen a good ten minutes. She wouldn't wonder if she hadn't had what the doctors call a slight stroke.

Lying there on the ground she was first conscious of her cheek pressing down into the new grass at the side of the path. Under her ear she heard millions of small sounds; another busy world was going on beneath and between the grass blades. She had lain and listened, content just to be, to feel herself still a part of life. Then she remembered that old ladies of eighty-seven didn't usually lie on grassy paths in the middle of the morning, and so she had risen hastily, if a bit stiffly, to her feet.

When she rose, the world, her world, had come back to her. It was as though that world she had heard there in the grass blades, that immeasurable universe that had so delighted and comforted her had shrunk until there was left only her small, usual world of every day. Slowly she had oriented herself. This was the garden of her son's



house. She, who felt so small and inexperienced, was a mother and had, unaccountably and a trifle absurdly, grown children. Yes, and grandchildren too, she remembered.

As she stood in the path with the fresh early-spring fragrance around her, her long life rushed by as though she were riding in a fast train and her life were the landscape. Husband, children, the farm, the grandchildren . . . her train rushed on and in seconds she arrived back again in the garden, a small, stocky old woman in a black dress with lace at the throat and gardening shears in her hands. She held one thin, blue-veined hand up between her eyes and the sun. It was an old hand. She was an old woman, really, though she did not feel so. She still felt like young Mary Rose Calvert. But now, of course, she was. . . .

Then it was that the thing began. Incredibly, idiotically. She did not know her husband's name. It had amused her instantly. It became her own private little game, to find out quite quietly and secretly, who that man was she had married.

As she knitted, not listening much to the voices around her, she thought somewhat resentfully that if the whole neighborhood hadn't been accustomed to taking the detestable liberty of calling her "Grandma" or "Aunt Rose" it mightn't have been so hard for her to win. She had always been caustic about

that familiarity but it had never done any good. So now, although she had been as alert as possible, not once all day had she heard her own last name. Surreptitiously she had watched for the postman. If only she got a letter she would know. But there had been no mail for anyone.

Her mind made another of its now so usual forays back into the remote past. Probably she had married Will Chandler. At the thought of Will, a faint, warm thrill invaded her and she felt herself flushing. Will had been such a handsome idiot. She remembered the wave in his black hair, felt again the weight of his dark eyes upon her. In spite of his frivolity Will had been a lover to be proud of. Her bright blue eyes raised from her knitting to take in the group of chattering youngsters, her daughter and daughter-in-law. That blond child would be Will's granddaughter; odd where she'd got that meek, sleek, look. Neither she nor Will had ever been meek.

She sighed and smiled as she resumed her knitting. Then she stopped . . . breathing fast as if hurt by a blow. Jeff Bullard had been so persistent; a dour, dark man who had frightened her, yet fascinated her too. Suppose she had married him! She tried to think it out but her mind, as minds do when pushed, refused to make the right pictures for her. She re-

called the big farm where she had lived most of her married life; she actually smelled the dry, pungent scent of hay drying in the sun, saw the golden prairies roll out before her, but human figures, save her own, she saw none.

The room, with its women and children no longer existed for her. She sat on quietly before the fire burning in the Franklin stove, her hands fallen idle in her lap, her eyes intent.

She was again a child, sitting on the hearthstone, watching the fire-light sparkle on the square silver buckles of her great-grandfather's shoes, seeing the red flames reflected in the smaller buckles of his knee breeches. Four, she had been then, and he a hundred and four. He'd even fought the British, they said. It seemed like yesterday that he'd ridden up on his white horse; yes, actually he had ridden at his great age. . . a fine big man with a splendid hearty voice.

As reality, in a measure returned to her she could hear preparations for supper going on in the kitchen. Then she became aware that she was not alone in the room. A short, quick breath that was not quite a sob, came from the shadows. She straightened, peering into the dimness. Her granddaughter Joan sat huddled there, her forlorn face turned to the light of the coals.

She asked, "What's the matter, child?" in a brisk, kindly voice and realized at once from Joan's

dark look that she'd made a mistake. Evidently this was something she was supposed to know about. She searched her mind hastily. It was irritating not to remember immediate things. This was something she'd known yesterday. She had a vague memory of tears and confidences right in this room. Then it came back to her and she felt a surge of triumph at her own continued adequacy. Of course! It was a boy named Bob Joan had cried about. She'd been sure he loved her and now, suddenly, he was going to marry someone else. She felt a dim pain over the child's unhappiness, then lost it in a much more active feeling of impatience at Joan's lack of pride. Momentarily the years between them were nothing and she, instead of being a sympathetic grandmother, was another woman, simply, sure of her power to charm and contemptuous of Joan's inadequacy. She crushed that down at once. It was unseemly and unkind, she told herself severely.

"Don't cry dear," she said. "It won't last forever."

"I'll never get over it," Joan said somberly.

"It seems that way now but you'll soon forget. Little by little you won't mind so much and then, suddenly it won't hurt at all."

The girl made a protesting sound. How could one convince her? One couldn't, of course. And she would not if she could. That was surely

the saddest thing to know: that nothing mattered for long. When you knew that certainly and finally it was as though some spring were broken in you forever.

There was nothing she could say. "I'm sorry," she ventured, at last.

The mildness of her voice brought the girl to her in a rush. On the floor, with her face in the crook of her arm across her grandmother's knees, she was crying noisily.

"If I can't have him there is no use. I can't go on."

The old woman had one of those impulses she had learned only with difficulty to control. Often she'd had to remind herself that you could not tell anyone what life was, especially not anyone very young. You learned one or two things and you were as eager as a child to tell your discoveries; indeed, sometimes you forgot you weren't a child, outside as well as in, and you tried to explain what you had, with such difficulty, worked out for yourself. But it was no use. Young people couldn't hear you. The gap between was too wide. They were put off by your wrinkles. To them, you were an old woman who couldn't know how things were.

She knew all this but almost, she risked rebuff. "That isn't true," she wanted to say. "You can always go on, even if you have no

one at all. 'You've always yourself. That in the end, is all that counts. "See," she could say, "right now I can't even remember whom I married and it doesn't matter at all. He came and he's gone and all the time I had myself; in the end I've only myself left, and that's enough." She could even be a little arrogant about that she thought. It wasn't everyone she felt sure, who was able to keep a self to rely on.

Joan stirred. Her breath caught audibly like that of a small child who has almost finished with crying. Her grandmother lifted one hand to brush back the girl's hair, remembered how she herself hated to be touched and let it drop. Of course she couldn't say those things to Joan. She had kept her hands off the lives of others always. She must not break that excellent habit at this late date. Besides that part about not remembering her name need not be told.

She sat quiet under the storm of Joan's voice, listening and yet not listening, in the detachment that had come upon her of late. Then an odd thing began to happen. Her detachment of mind seemed somehow to communicate itself to her body. She closed her eyes and it seemed to her that her body was floating upward, right out of her chair toward the ceiling. She could hear Joan's voice far away, rising with anger as she talked. How surprised

she would be to see her grandmother floating around the ceiling like a toy balloon. . . most unsuitable at her age and with her heart, Will would say.

With her heart! She felt a sick plunge in the pit of her stomach and opened her eyes quickly. Perhaps if she were to fix them on something quite steadily this giddiness would go. She saw her hand clutching the arm of her chair so tightly the veins stood up. That, then, was what had been holding her down.

She must hold on and this would pass. It was absurd to wonder if this was how dying felt, absurd but interesting. If it were not for Joan she would have liked to find out. She'd always been curious about how it felt exactly to be dying. But if she were to be so inconsiderate as to die like this they would blame Joan. No excitement, Dr. Graydon had said and they would say Joan had been exciting her. Besides, dying casually like this would be most unsuitable. Old ladies died in bed, properly and with dignity.

She held herself taut, trying to gather strength to get up and go to her room. Perhaps if she were to concentrate upon Joan's voice reality might return to her. Taking up the thread of complaint she gathered then that it was everyone's fault that Joan had lost Bob. "If I could just be myself. . . if

mother could just once realize this is 1976 and not the Mauve decade... if Dad weren't always telling me to remember I am Judge Sanborn's daughter. . . ."

The old woman's eyes widened. With a click her life slipped into place. It was like the sensation you have when you've been "turned around," your sense of direction lost, and then someone says: "This way is east," and things swing round and fall into their familiar pattern.

So! It was Fred Sanborn she had married. That fact seemed unreal but then, she remembered, it had always seemed unreal to her, that marriage, even while it was going on. She wondered why she'd done it when she hadn't meant to.

She remembered the first time she had met Fred. She saw herself, her blond curls caught up in a net, her cheeks pink with the excitement of conquest.

Will had been teasing her about her cousin Virginia.

"I'm going to stop plaguing you to marry me," he said. "Virginia would make a much better wife. She's so gentle."

Rose had agreed with him. Virginia, she said, was exactly the sort of self-effacing woman he needed. At her laughter, her air of indifference, Will's eyes had dar-

kened, his quick temper flaring, and he'd pulled Fred forward.

"Here's a better husband for you than I could ever be. He's a right sweet soul, Rose. You could bully him."

That, she sighed, was the beginning. Fred had been sweet. He had been quiet and undemanding and grateful. And they had been married. Well, she'd been a good wife to him all those years. Her weaving had been the marvel of the neighborhood, her housekeeping unexcelled. As she went demurely to church on Fred's arm it had at first, amused her to cast her eyes down, the perfect picture of the perfect wife. Insensibly the role had become fact, as a part played often enough does become a life.

Fred had been pathetically pleased at the change in her. Dear, good Fred, how shocked he would have been if he had been able to see into her head all those years!

He had been a good husband, if sometimes a little pompous and lacking in humor. She smiled wickedly as she reflected that if he had not often intentionally added to the gaiety of her life; still he had given her many moments of secret joyousness. She used to wish sometimes that Will were around to laugh with her. But of course if he had been, she reminded herself quickly, it would have been extremely disloyal to laugh with him at Fred; a disloyalty she would never have permitted herself if

Will had actually been there. As it was. . .well, the war had taken Will. Her breath caught as it always did when she thought of that dreadful time and her mind, trained over years to avoidance, slipped aside from contemplation of tragedy. In eighty odd years one learned to think only of the things one wished to dwell on.

As she shut the door of her mind she noticed her hand still clutched the arm of her chair. Why, it had been only a moment ago that she'd had those odd feelings. The mind was peculiar. She had lived her whole life over in the second it took her to wait for steadiness. There was, now, she remembered, only that last effort she had somehow, to make.

"I find I am a little tired," she said apologetically. "I think I'll go and lie down awhile before supper." She called with confidence upon her will to keep her voice steady. Then she rose slowly to her feet, brushing away Joan's attempts to help her. "You haven't tired me, my dear," she reassured her. As she straightened herself with effort the whirling receded... controlled, she decided with satisfaction, by her will. She hesitated, looking up into Joan's face for a long moment, her usual impersonal detachment giving way for a little to a feeling of worn pity. "It will all come right if you are patient," she said at last.

The inadequacy of her words discouraged her. That was what the old always said to the young. She meant so much more than that. But how to breach the gulf between them required much more energy than she could summon.

Gaining with difficulty the security of her own room, she sat for a while, thankfully, upon her bed. She was out of breath and she waited for her heart to stop pounding and for her legs to stop shaking. She had, again, an instant conviction that she was dying. Her lips twisted; her premonitions had almost always been wrong. She would wake prosaically in the morning and she would laugh at herself. It was like her to mistake indigestion for drama. All the same, she was going to take stock in a premonition for once, and amuse herself by doing the thing decently and in order.

She got herself upon her feet and crossed the room to look in the mirror. For once the face that stared back at her did not surprise her. For once she felt as old as she looked. How many times, going busily around the house had she caught an unexpected glimpse of her face and had a shock! One felt, inside, exactly as one always had, inexperienced, curious, and always expectant, as though pretty soon things would begin to happen.

As she brushed her thick white hair and braided it in to two short

braids, she had an almost irresistible desire to talk again to Joan, to tell her that thing about keeping oneself and not needing anyone else. But then, it would be difficult to explain what exactly she meant by "having oneself." And who was she, she asked her reflection with some scorn, to attempt to explain what really intelligent people had always balked at? It was, the self she meant, like a fortress where you could go and where no one could get at you. A truly secret place.

What fun she'd had there, too, as well as security from intrusion! What excellent company she had been to herself! The things she'd found to laugh at! The arguments she'd had! Sometimes she had found herself talking aloud, disagreeing violently and with warm pleasure, with some of Fred's most cherished opinions. But she could never tell Joan about that. Joan would say it was hypocritical to keep silent about what one thought since it was now the fashion to insist on displaying one's every idea.

Turning her covers down neatly, she crossed to the chest to get a clean nightdress. As she leaned over the open drawer she stopped, held motionless by an idea so new to her that it was shocking! Suppose she had been fooling herself all these years, hugging an illusion because she had missed reality? Suppose she had had herself, as she called it, only be-

continued on page 48

Thread Song

*A redwing blackbird
threading again and
again
with its song
the eye of the air*

Jonathan and Patricia Mather



*What I'd like to do someday
is skip by your house
but not go in.
Instead, I think I'll sit in the bushes
under your window and
listen to your heart beat.
After that, I'll merge with your house key
and
peel onions
collecting the tears in an envelope
and send them
to a perfect likeness of you.
The next day I'll die from licking the stamp too much.*

Robert Legg

Spaces Between Fire

*Time that the tide line rides
Roars by like a gale in the night
Shaking the house and combing the earth's fur
in its passage.
And the silver death of winter
swiftly crumbles
Like icy wood in a wet beach night fire.*

Only blackness lies in the spaces between fire.

*The winter nights are long
But the grey dawn glows too soon
When dreams are longer.*

And fire can only burn out.

*The grey surge that pales in the end
Ebbs and greys again
But in the darkness there will be none to see.*

Joseph W. Hinton

THE OLD MAN

Allison Larkin

The old man sat on the cold frozen ground. His blanket was pulled close around him, and soiled with his years. His long gray-black hair was braided back and as he sat all you could see was the tip of his corn cob pipe. He sat silently as the rocks around him, and gazed off into the empty blue sky. Sitting on the grass to keep his old frail body warm in the wintery sun. The only sign of life was the puffs of smoke from his pipe.

DEEP DIVER

Hemlocks suspended
in the morning lake.
Yellow-shafted flicker
swims by
my air lines.
Pressurized suit.
Hearing my loud breath
rush
into the cave
down the rapids
to hot springs
and geysering
back up.

Sweep the bottom
for evidence
to show the crew.
Not a leaf moves.
I might be here
a long time.

If I could just
take off this helmet.

Eric Johnson

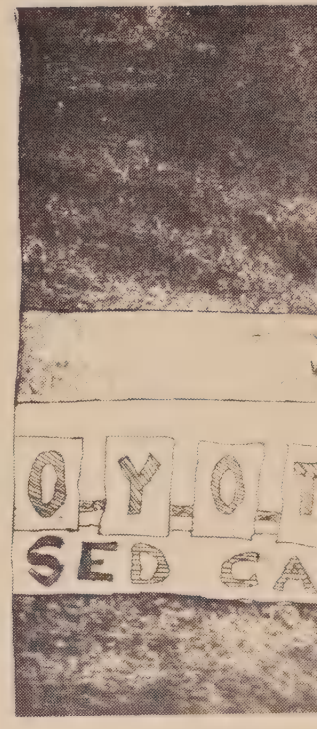




Motion

*One flap from this wind
tore tall trees from the earth -
butterfly wings.*

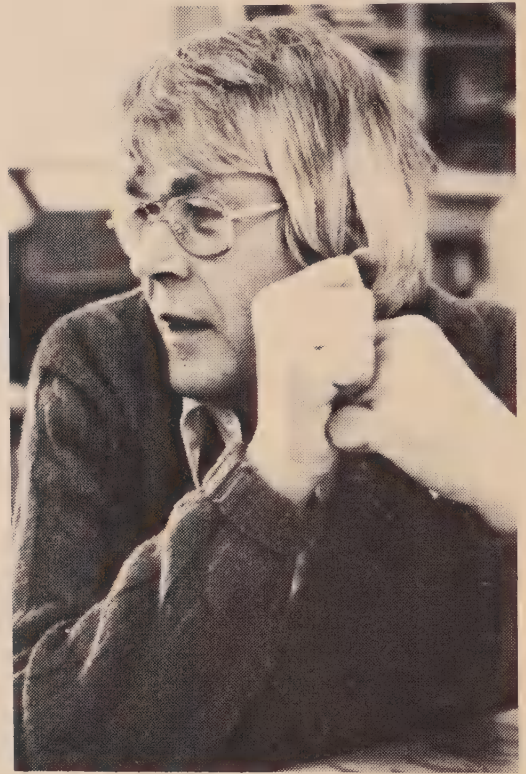
Linda Steffan



The Art of the Edged Pen

"This is really a class in civil disobedience," Bill Gunderson thundered with surprising intensity. "If the students are serious, they become committed to changing the system!" I whirled around at his opening remarks during our interview and wondered if he was talking to me, and if so, about what. Anarchy in the art room? Apparently.

I studied more assiduously the room where "Gundy," as his students call him, teaches painting, pottery and calligraphy. Recycled tins and smudged plastics bulged with potential: clay to be thrown, shaped to a vision, baked to practicality. Pots carefully placed lingered



neatly in various stages of invention. The clay's chalky remnants, dried and turned to a powder stain all over the large room, belonged as much as the kiln and wheels did. Nothing ominous here. What, however, of those two long boards framing white sheets of paper? Bill Gunderson drew a dozen black horizontal lines across the six foot expanse and proceeded to teach his students, the neophyte heretics, an ancient art, a contemporary craft: Italic writing.

A quiet crusade occupies much of Bill Gunderson's attention and

devotion. He wants to replace the basically illegible and awkward 'commercial script' handwriting taught traditionally in most schools today with the beautiful writing, the 'art of the pen' which is calligraphy, and most particularly with the well-balanced, classic, sloped Italic. And he wants to begin in kindergarten.

According to Mr. Gunderson, Sweden, Denmark, East Germany, Scotland, and parts of Wales have sanctioned Italic handwriting to be taught as the exclusive system in their schools.

According to Alfred Fairbank, throughout most of the United States a fundamental rule of education--"a child should begin as he is to continue"--is violated when his early struggles toward neat stick-and-ball manuscript lettering are superseded in third grade by letters suddenly looped and slanted and, in many cases, utterly unlike the earlier printing. The variance between 'book type' and his own writing frustrates the youngster and promotes unnecessary hesitancy in reading.

Portland, an important center of calligraphy today, commissioned Dr. Wayne Otto, a national reading authority, to monitor, check and evaluate the use of Italic programs in the Portland area. This city is autonomous in controlling its curriculum and encourages the teaching

of Italic as an official handwriting method.

After four years of testing, Oregon cities Tigard and The Dalles have determined that Italic letters are not only better formed initially, but retain that form, not losing their legibility to speed, the nemesis of other writing systems. Oregon's own calligrapher laureate is 73 year old Portland art historian, lecturer, and former Reed College calligraphy professor Lloyd Reynolds who will arouse Oregonians to the excitement of beautiful writing in a new fall color series on educational TV. Students in class at Clatsop College and Astoria High School will illustrate the techniques in contemporary calligraphy for several of these episodes.

As a student examines the best models of letters throughout history to study and make them his own, he cultivates an interest also in its literature and a critical awareness of words. Tests show Italic students finding greater pleasure and success in school work, developing original ways of self-expression, and improving their spelling.

High school athletes enrolled in Mr. Gunderson's last period class praise the system as an aid to relaxation. Weary from a tough academic day and tense at the prospect of an evening match, they find the

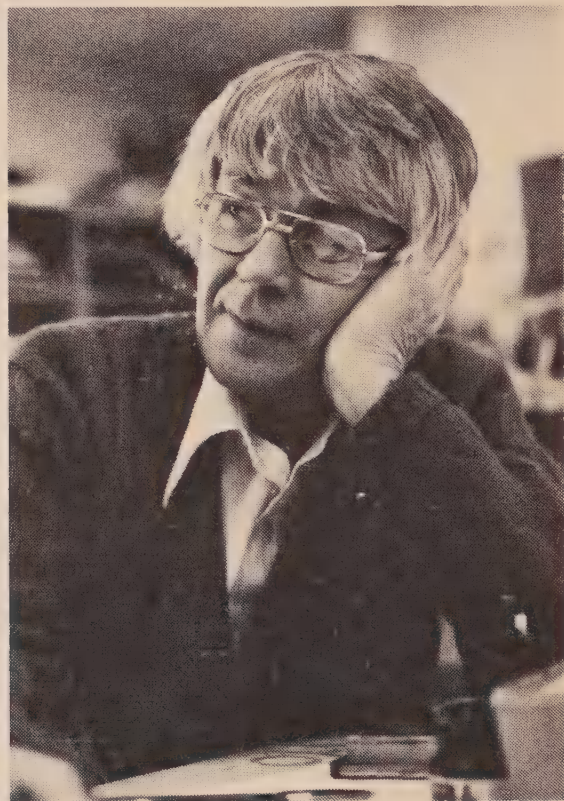
scrutiny, restraint and discipline inherent in Italic instruction forces a slowdown, an unwinding. The loss of tension and the pleasure derived from producing beautiful work evokes a generally good refreshed feeling.

A teenage girl, bound to a wheel chair with a muscle debilitating disease and told she would never be able to write, found training in Italic enables her to form legible letters.

Consistently, in the International Italic Society's annual juried show, Bill Gunderson's students are among those recognized as submitting the best examples of Italic handwriting. His disciples, former students judged by him worthy of the designation scribe beside their signature, now scatter, teach, and spread the beautiful word. The school administrations for Oregon high schools and colleges enthusiastically support Mr. Gunderson's conviction that calligraphy is a better way and proclaim Italic part of its official curriculum.

Bill Gunderson's class in 'civil disobedience' is changing the system.

Gail Rosenthal



Extra Sensory Perception

*I know how it feels to be a ghost,
Slithering down the chill, damp lanes of night,
Blown like the spray along some lonely coast
Lost in the dark and vanished in the light.*

*Pausing to lean against a shutter's lock,
Thinking to enter there and drink a toast. . .
Having no fleshly hand to sound a knock
Or lift a glass to satisfy a host;*

*Turning away-- mad for unhaunted sleep. . .
Having no body that a bed could hold,
Having no warm and heavy tears to weep,
Having no age-- and being eons old.*

*Whispering husks of words that rattle. . . hollow,
Whimpering at the thin blue edge of dawn,
Hugging a flame too pale for moths to follow,
Calling your name. . . knowing that you are gone.*

Dorotha Radich

C.C.C.

eyes, stay open
 yes open, enough to comprehend.
it's been a long world filled day,
 rest should come,
 but it does not.
minute hours, fuse together.
several more are left,
 the weariness
 tired feeling faces,
watching, it's quiet,
 the sound of air conditioning systems,
silence, somewhere in the distance . . .
. . . voices, teaching voices, passing on wisdom.
ticking, ticking, ticking,
 tic tic tic tic tic tic . . .

Theresa Everitt



12

45 CHART

240 WINE GAL
SERIAL NO.
BONDED WAREHOUSE
ALCOH

fine

Diplomacy and the Cat

Linda Steffan

You leap once more from couch,
to chair, to window sill,
still unnoticed; and prowls about
the floor searching for
emptied grocery bag, dangling pantyhose, opened
dresser drawer, anything
that might suggest adventure.

I lie stretched before
the livingroom heater, sweating
or shivering
to its alternating ons and offs, but
too settled to get up,
go read somewhere else.

I shift position slightly
bend my stiffened elbows,
look up,
see you:
green, round, expectant eyes
now almost level with mine, standing
at the top of my history book.

The bright yellow cap
off the marking pen I've just used
to underline:

"'In my opinion,' McCarthy added,
'the State Department is full
of Marxists.'"

protrudes from your small mouth
like Groucho-with-cigar.

Your fixed stare suggests
that you've been waiting
for my attention,
and I imagine
(though perhaps it's true) that I can see
a flash, an explosion of the green in
those eyes when
you know that the stage is finally
yours.

You don't hesitate.
You have your next move planned:

aimed, readied, the cap drops
from mouth unto page:

"No longer could the Administration ignore
McCarthy's attempts to dominate
the executive and be master of
the Republican party."

and you follow
after it
while I lie watching,
trying not to laugh,
not to encourage you.

You nudge, bat, flip the cap
across the page:

"July 8..., McCarthy was..., Democrats were...,
... the White House only...,
Communists and fellow travelers...."

Your tail tip
switches, swirls
in strategic motions.

But, now, cat, you've run out of
words and page.
I push your cap away from
my book and resume
reading.

Returning to the couch,
you plop your chin on one
outstretched paw,
inhale, exhale a sigh,
and try to go to sleep.

TENDING BAR

Joan Russ

The evening starts out slow enough; I just have to serve a beer now and then and talk a little with each customer. But gradually the bar begins to fill. Someone plays the juke box and the penetrating rhythm begins. As the people consume more beer, their voices grow louder, and many demand that the music be made audible above the growing noise.

Soon the monotonous voices merge with the beat of the music creating an almost tangible barrier. It is as though a dense fog engulfs everyone and builds a wall of noise. The only recognizable sounds are the coins hitting the bar, the clinking of glasses and the creaking of the door as parts of the fog slip in and out. Only the hands remain visible, extending from the fog across the bar reaching for more beer, emptying glass after glass. Some of the hands wait patiently, while others command. They

bang beer glasses and ash trays on the bar for attention. The hands are never still, always reaching, lifting, and laying out more money.

Once in a while an individual emerges from the fog to be recog-

nized, but only for an instant, for the force of the noise quickly draws him back. After seemingly endless hours of work, one individual stands out like a ray of sunshine penetrating the fog--the next bartender.

I quickly finish my work and find a vacant spot on the other side of the bar. After one beer, the fog starts to break up and the music seeps through. After a few more drinks, the voices begin to separate and return to their respective owners. Finally, everything returns to normal. The noise again becomes a part of things instead of a wall that shuts everything and everybody out.



MARY

Victoria Coons

Long
Stone winding stairs
Weave ever upward
Dimly lit
By wavering torch light.
Cold
English winds
Blast the folds
Of her velvet trappings
As she circles,
Circles toward an end,
To emerge at last
Through richly carved doorway
Into the vast Octagon room
Fashioned all of leaded glass--
The only comforter of grey,
Hard rain.

Window seats of dusty green
Overlook vast fields akin in hue.
A hoof-worn path
Twists Northward
Beyond the horizon
Where the deep forest lay.
She watches this path of departure
From paned room where she remains,
Prisoner,
Alone in grey tower.

The silent moat,
A circular crown,
Gleams skyward past her eye.

EYE

Joseph Kolman

One eye is gone and can't be fixed. The liquid in the other eye has to stay still. The thing that takes in the light that piece is broken. And the thing that focuses the light, that part is broken too.

They said they looked OK but I know they're a mess. When I looked in the mirror I saw black around the broken eye. The skin was puffy. I could see blood veins in the white. The other eye was looking somewhere else.

They put sandbags over me and wrapped a bandage around my eyes. The sandbags felt like baby wolves. If I moved I would wake them up and they would run away and the liquid would ripple like a pond. I was afraid of a nightmare and waking up shaking my head and tearing the nerve in my eye.

2.

There was a wheel as tall as the ceiling and a bed in the middle with meters. My father was wearing

white hospital clothes. The bed opened like a long box. There were pillows inside and straps. My father put me inside and smoothed my hospital gown. The top closed over me like a steam press. A doctor took a thin needle and pushed it through the socket around my eye. He glued clips to my eyelid and pulled it back with wire. He put a spotlight next to my eye and a thing that dropped cold drops so my eye stayed wet.

The bed started to move up to the middle of the wheel. The spotlight got white and hot. It lit up my eye veins. I was afraid of the spotlight falling into my eye and making a burn on my eyeball. The wheel turned me so my feet were in the air. The drops slid out my eyes and up my forehead.

It was nice how the pillows pressed around me. My mother was sleeping with me. I was warm like a baby. The pillows were her body and the straps were her arms.

I was hanging upside down. The doctor climbed a ladder to the middle of the wheel and stared at my eye. His eye was bigger than mine. My father climbed up to look. They pointed a laser machine to the nerve at the back. I could see the light come out dribbling in little pieces and then forming into a hot white line.

I remember going down, the box opening and the nurse giving me a

shot. They thought I was asleep. My father was shaking hands with the doctor and laughing. They were talking about going to lunch.

My eye was pulsing white and black. I stayed in the room a long time. A nurse came in to clean up. She had a radio that played spanish-speaking music. Another nurse came by and gave me a shot and I went to sleep.

3.

In the eye doctor's office there was a blind man with a Seeing-Eye dog. The dog sat under his chair looking at everybody that walked by. I went up to pet his dog. The man told me the dog was a she and that her name was "Snow" because she was part Husky and she liked to run around in his backyard in the winter, playing with his children in the snow.

I wanted to tell the man that sometimes I was blind too when the thing in my eye moved and everything got blurry. I wanted to tell him I was afraid the operation wouldn't work and my father would send me to a blind school.

The nurse called the man's name. He stood up, the dog jumped to his side and they walked right to the nurse and through the door.

That night I dreamed I had a Seeing-Eye baby elephant. When I walked down the hallways at my

school all the kids ran out of their classrooms to see it. The elephant sat quietly under my desk during class, and when it was time for recess it ran out with me to the playground, pulling on its leash. I was supposed to be blind but I could see everything. I watched while my friends took rides on its back.

4.

I learned to walk all over the hospital at night. I learned how to whistle through the hallways and listen for the whistle to bounce around on the walls and come back in different pieces. My eye was still bad but I could tell when a wall was coming and the difference between nurses and desks.

The cafeteria was easy to find because you could smell them cooking food all over the basement. I walked up to some ladies who were cleaning for the next day. Black people were easy to see because their faces came out of the blur. They said the cafeteria was closed. I told them I was hungry and they said I'd just have to be hungry until eight in the morning. One cleaning lady told me softly that I should try to go back to bed.

I got hungry smelling the food. I sat down at a table in the back. I wanted a nice lady to see me sitting there and give me something to eat. I waited at the table a

long time but no one saw me.

I walked past the cleaning ladies into the kitchen. I was afraid to go any farther because it was noisy and I couldn't hear my whistles come back. I felt on the walls with my hands. There was an office behind a glass with a white lady inside. She said: "Hey little guy, watcha doing running around in your p.j.s?" Her office smelled nice. I told her how I missed all my meals because I slept during the day and how I walked around the hallways at night because that's when everything was quiet and about my whistles.

She asked me about the bandages on my eye. I told her about the operation and how they were going to send me to a blind school. She took me to a special room where the doctors ate, with tablecloths and flowers on the tables and made salami sandwiches and potato chips and Coke that we ate for lunch.

I came every night for lunch. She showed me around the kitchen. I saw how the baker worked with his big ovens. I liked to watch the rolls come out. They were so hot you had to blow them in your hands. The baker and I got to be pretty good friends. When the first rolls came out we'd sit around and get full on the rolls with butter.

But my eyes got worse. Sometimes on the way back from the baker the

nurses would have to get me when everything turned dark and I had to stop and sit down in the hallway. I got afraid of walking very far from my room.

When my dad came to visit he asked if he could guide me anywhere. He would pay for a guide to take me around. The guides were for old people. I wanted the lady from the cafeteria to take me around but she was always busy. When things got dark I would ask the nurses to take me to her office so I could watch her work.

My father said we might need another operation. The nerve inside was fixed but the lens that makes things clear was slipping back and forth. He said eye operations don't always work. An eye operation was like making a bet. If it doesn't work you're blind for good.

5.

My dad has a liquor store under our apartment. After school I help him around the store, putting Cokes in the coolers and keeping the shelves full; or when there's nothing to do I just hang around watching t.v. at the bar. At six a lady comes up to cook dinner. My dad and I eat dinner and then he goes back down to work.

One day my dad took me upstairs to his office and gave me a new heavy pair of binoculars. You could see all over the store, even the

names on the bottles and the bags of potato chips downstairs and through the windows to the people walking outside. He told me that times were bad and that we were losing money because people were stealing from us. He told me to watch everybody carefully as they walked down the aisles. If I saw anybody steal anything I should call him on the phone downstairs and he would arrest them.

Everybody in the store was black except me and my dad. Most of the people I caught were guys dressed in big fancy hats who really had money. They would put a bottle of scotch under their jackets and try to walk out looking smart. My dad and his partner would grab him just as he stepped out the door and put handcuffs on him before he could get mad and call the police.

But sometimes I would come home from school and go up to the office and a kid like me except black would walk into the store after school and I knew he just wanted something to eat and he would look around and sneak a bag of Fritos in his pocket.

I told my dad I didn't think it mattered if a kid stole a bag of Fritos, but he said kids were the most important people to catch because if you didn't get them now they would steal big things and turn into criminals.

I had to tell my dad even if it

was a kid stealing a bag of Fritos. My dad would grab the kid and take him to his office. I'd have to run out of the office and down the stairs to hide before he brought the kid up. If it was his first time my dad would call the kid's parents, but a lot of times they didn't have phones or the kid was too scared and my dad would call the police.

Once my dad brought a kid up the stairs before I could hide. He had a quart of Coke in one hand and the kid in the other. The kid had a little red hat. He saw me with the binoculars in my hand. I saw his face when he knew why I had binoculars.

I knew it was bad what I was doing and I was afraid something bad would happen to me back. I wanted the bad to happen to my father. I knew kids that stole things and they wouldn't turn into criminals. If a kid stole a bag of Fritos then it would be the same if I didn't eat one the next time I was hungry. But my dad said it wasn't the same because it was our store and I could take a bag of Fritos whenever I wanted.

When I saw a kid just about to steal something I would think real hard what his name was and try to call him and tell him not to steal it. Sometimes when I called his name right he would really put it back on the shelf. But sometimes I was tired and I didn't try hard

enough and he would steal it and I'd have to tell my dad. My dad could buy a television camera to watch the store but it was expensive and he didn't like the way it looked. If the operation didn't work he would have to buy the camera.

The kids who stole from the store went to a different school than I did. When I came home they would be hanging around the subway and in front of the drug store. They knew who my father was. When I walked by they would call me names: "Wonkey-ass, jew-eyes, big nose honkey motha fucka, some day we gonna punch yo eyes upside yo head."

6.

I dreamed I had a Seeing-Eye dog. She had brown and black fur and she was taking me to school on the subway. When I passed the drug store the black kids didn't call me names. They were scared of my dog. Then one kid called me a name. He was the boy with the red hat. I went up to him with my dog. I told my dog "Sic 'em! Bite out his eyes!" The dog jumped at him chomping. I held the leash tight. I backed the kid against a wall and let the dog come up to his eyes and chomp her jaws that were full with drool.

7.

I dreamed about blind school.

We were sitting around a baseball diamond. Everyone was dressed up in suits and ties. The boys had brown and black german shepherds and the girls had white huskies. There was a radio tuned to the baseball game. We liked to watch our dogs fight. The dogs would bark and snarl and then jump on each other. They would jump for the neck because that's where dogs could bite deep.

8.

I dreamed they were taking my bandages off in layers. The bandages were black then grey. The last bandage was white. I could see the square of the window through the bandage. The doctor peeled it off. The bandage opened like a door in front of my eyes and my eyes went out into the room through the people to the sun all over the window, sharp like a needle and the sign across the street that said Apples and some kids were playing stickball. My father's face had wrinkles and pieces of hair on his lip and the lady from the kitchen had make-up and big lips with red lipstick and they had white hair and their eyes had wrinkles and they were old.

9.

I dreamed I had a Seeing-Eye dog. She had brown and black fur and she was taking me to school on the subway. I was waiting for a

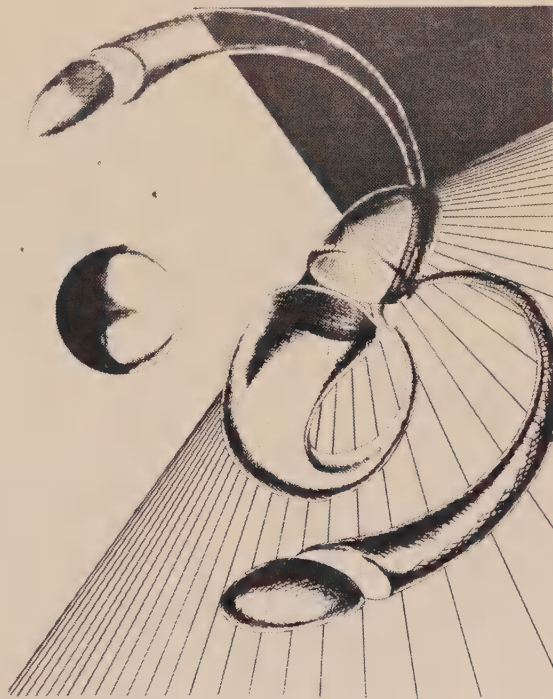
train. I could feel my dog moving in her harness. The third rail was humming. An old black lady with a shopping bag who smelled bad was next to me. The boy with the red hat was looking at my dog. The train sound came from the end of the tunnel. Everybody leaned over the edge of the platform to watch the train. The boy with the hat disappeared. My dog was getting excited about the train.

Somebody pushed my feet out. I fell hard on my butt. The boy laughed and ran. The harness pulled toward the tracks. The back legs of my dog slid off the platform onto the tracks. She was barking on the tracks and trying to jump up to the platform. "Somebody help me with my dog!" Everybody looked at my dog on the tracks. I heard her nails scratching on the cement. I screamed but the noise of the train was too loud.

The doors opened. My friends from school were on the train. People rushed to get on.

I was afraid to look at the tracks. I lay down on the platform and covered my eyes. The kid with the red hat grabbed me. He told me "Look what's on the tracks!" I closed my eyes but he pulled open my eyelids with his fingers. My father was lying on the tracks. The kid helped me climb down to the tracks. He said "Get his keys out of his pocket." The keys were warm

from his pocket. They had blood on them. We ran out the subway and opened the liquor store. I got up on the counter and said "Everybody can take what they want!" I went around the store giving kids big bags of Fritos and Coca-Cola. Big kids came in with their radios and opened up beer and the cleaning ladies and the bums were sitting in the aisles drinking whiskey. They said it was good for kids to give parties for old people. My dog was running around the store saying hello to everybody. The kids were feeding her potato chips that she crunched in her mouth.





- I Black bears
can smell food miles away;
without hesitation they will turn in their tracks
and move off towards its source.
- II After a long day, many miles of lakes and portages
I lie calm, exhausted,
on the rock island standing in this unnamed lake,
and feed my campfire with dry wood
watching fish and beans cook.
- III Later, watching the sprinkled-silver black bowl above,
I creep farther into my sleeping-bag
and know no more. Until
a thrashing and snapping in the underbrush
on the shore close by,
and the slap of a large body hitting water,
bring me out of the bag and running,
picking up my gear and awake
before the echo of the splash comes back from the other side
of the lake.
- IV Into the canoe, a last minute inspection
of my comfortable camp.
I push off and glimpse a black shape
rise out of the water, grunt loudly and head my way,
then I'm gone
- quickly over the black, mirror smooth water
wondering if I can anchor
my canoe and try to get some sleep
this time
in the middle of the lake.

Scott Harper





GRANDPA'S HANDS

*Grandpa's hands,
Like the hospital cotton shirt he wears,
Wrinkle and thinly fill the hollows
Between strained tendons.
The shirt, worn and bleached
By repeated boil wash dry cycle,
Nears the color of his hands:
Translucent, spotted by age.*

*Grandpa's hands
Are bittered, tightened
From twenty years retirement.
His years left him judged
Too old to adapt intimate knowledge
Of coal, steam and iron,
To the book theory of diesel.*

*Grandpa's hands
Escape from the confining sleeves.
They relax to hold a filtered Salem,
The third or fourth this visit.
The hands open to strike a match.
He reveals the nylon sutures,
Scarred from little finger to lifeline,
Black crosses on his palm.*

Arne Denny

FISHERMAN

Swells curl the surface, rolling, as he is gently rocked awake. Senses strain, clearing, from old dreams to creaking wood and the smell of oil. Another day reaches him. Shoes find, grip the slipping deck. Firing up the stove he puts on the pot-- last night's coffee is good enough-- and steps from the cabin, feeling morning's light. Pinpoints of brilliance burn the wave tips, and sky, ocean meet in all directions. Wire-worn hands cramp, playing out the lines. He follows their course through saltburned eyes, thinking of nothing, and readies the ice.

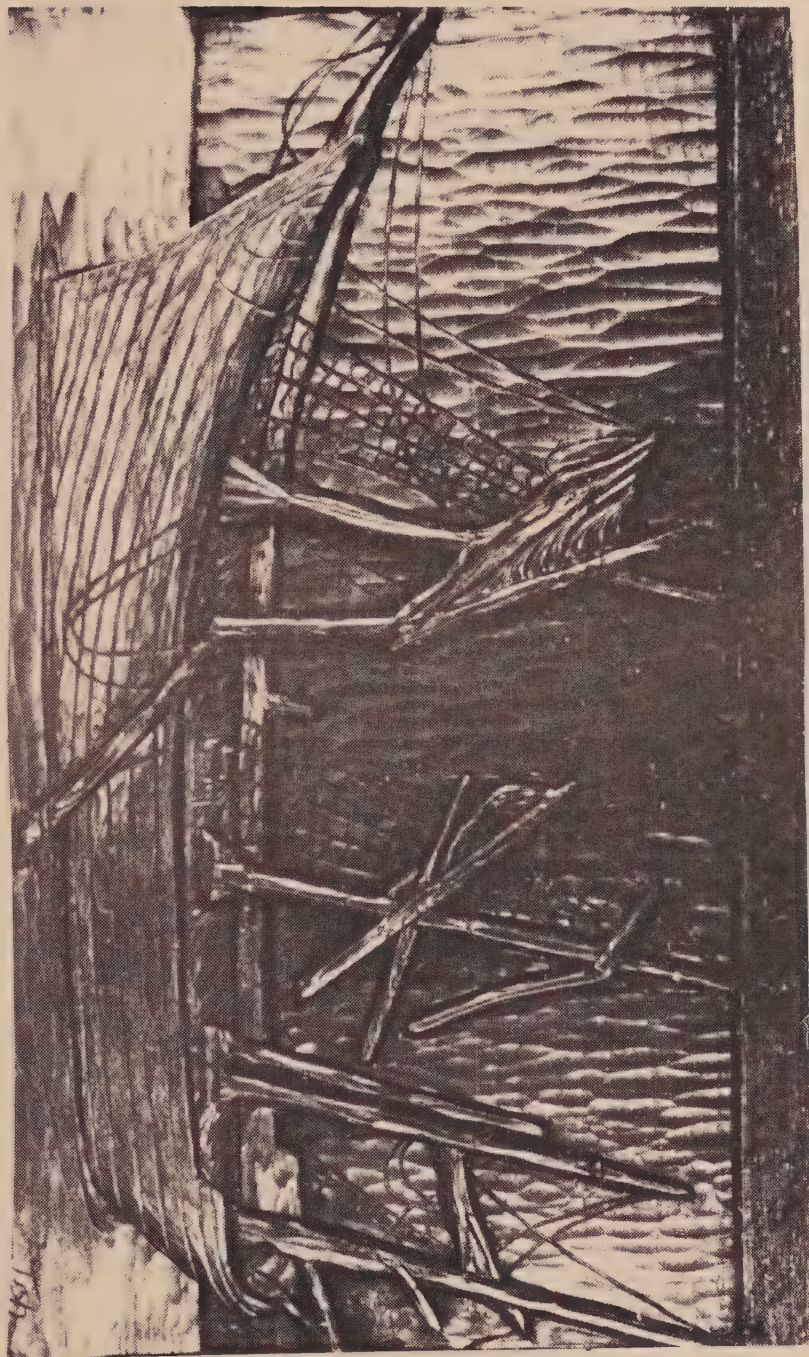
"Time for a cup." he says to no one.

Sitting for a moment, the fisherman feels the sea around him; his boat beneath him, lifting and sliding. Soon, gears whine and pull fish after fish aboard.

"How many times have I filled this hold? How many fish?"

The sun and wind carve yet another line in his seasoned face. His back strains toward end of day. Fatigue greets the cooling breeze. The waters gather darkness. He stores his gear with a sigh, and the pot-- now fireless-- cools, waiting for his hand to touch again tomorrow.

Doug Sheaffer



"Used by permission of Forrest Hay,
The Dalles, Oregon."

after my 12th birthday

Mrs. Thomas, always well dressed,
Polite and pure, told us the
President had been shot, and
Then cried into the pearl white
Phone, making shattered noises
With people we'd never see.
Mrs. Thomas never stopped crying
That day. Her face, exposing
Hidden age, slowly drained
While the minutes clung like
Glue, pasting that autumn
Afternoon across the face of
Mankind.

Choir practice ended early that
Friday, songs of love, life and
Far away places were hopelessly
Lost within the cracks on Mrs.
Thomas' twisted face. Like a
Miscast actor, frozen with the
Curse of stage fright, her
Mechanical lips spilt paralyzed
Truths that fell on simple minds
Of wonderment.

And as she drove us home, on
Roads as faded as the day, I
Spent my time secretly thanking
All the other kids for all the
Pretty presents that they had
Given me on my birthday, the
Day before.

Aubrey Compton

snow

secrets wrapped
in crystal

white valley
floor rising
in moon
light loaves

bleeding bison
star trails
over edge
pumping hot
echo hoofs
through veins

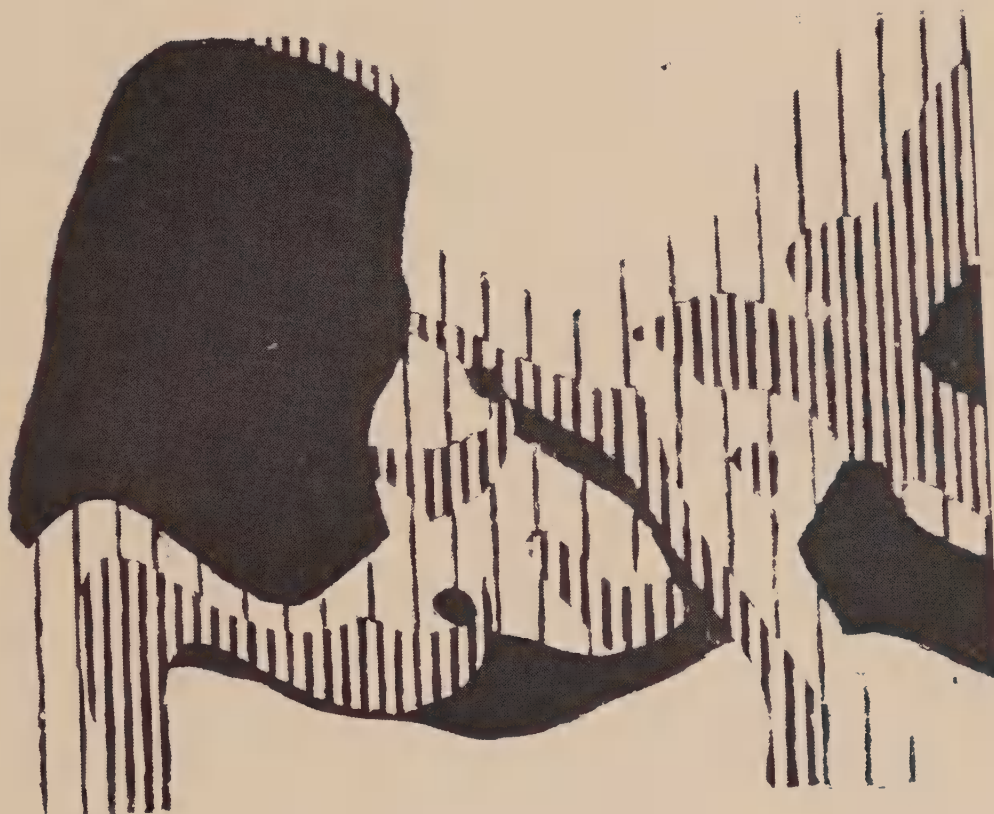
birth
measures life
snowing down

David Ferraro

Monopoly

Aubrey Compton

*She passed the rum along,
Belched with alcoholic overtones,
And rolled another pair of doubles.
Her thimble was in Jail.
Her mind was on Community Chest.*



cause she had had nothing and no one else?

She tried to puzzle it out but the thing eluded her. Her mind whirled with shadowy images so that it was impossible to fix any one of them and hold it still to look at. With a jerk of impatience she stood upright and, at her quick movement, the floating feeling returned. Wave on wave of weakness flowed over her. She was scarcely able to reach the safety of her bed.

Fumbling at shoes, tugging at buttons and zippers, she was conscious that she called upon the last, the final reserves of her strength. Once, still half-clothed, she lay back; she felt light and bodiless. It would be good to let go and rest, she thought drowsily. But after a time, something taut and demanding in her pulled her upright.

At last it was done. Clutching the head board and breathing heavily she crept into bed and pulled the covers up with her free hand, smoothing them with fingers that shook. Triumph surged up over her. She had managed it! She had been right when she'd insisted all her life that she could always do whatever she had to do.

It was pleasant to lie back and float easily. The wave-like motion increased. She felt a placid certainty that when she let go she would float off gently. She lay awhile savoring her sense of power.

Now, now I will loosen my fingers, she thought. Then she remem-

bered. She was not quite ready yet. There was something . . . something she had still to do; no, something she had to think out. It was there, just out of reach, making a sore spot in her mind. She puzzled over it hazily. Almost she had it, but always, just at that point, the thing was crowded out. She could not remember. No matter. It couldn't have been important; some trivial nonsense--let it go. Drowsiness overwhelmed her, creeping into her very bones.

She pulled at her braids until she got one over each shoulder; fumbled a little with the neck of her gown. She'd make them the picture they were entitled to, she thought again, faintly determined. A portrait of a nice old lady, dying quietly and with dignity, even with a smile--most suitable. Will would be amused; Will, who knew how very unsuitable she had always been inside.

Really smiling now, she stopped holding on.



ERIC SWEDBERG

AVALANCHE

Snow falls on mountain ridges,
Little on little,
Preceding violent winter flurries.
Stiff trees clash trembling,
And birds,
Winging on to new homes.
We lived so long together.
Should we become strangers,
Our backs to each other in sleep,
and feet,
Cold as window-ice in wanting?
Mountain shelves building,
An open pantry of winters' rations
I cannot eat,
Though my stomach knots with hunger.
Sickness,
We knew with each other,
Till the fever broke, leaving us
Weak, diffused, divorced.
I walk snow-blind into my cabin,
Hearing the whisper of fire.
We were so close at times.
The snow comes avalanching, shaking
The countryside with white hands,
Filling hollows up to treetops
Under pressure.
I kneel and cry.

Brian Bilborrow



THE EXIT OF A LOGGER

Jean Roberts

The strong men have faded; their end is near. The last hand faller was employed in about 1945, and the expert cutter is disappearing from what people call the "woods"--which is a tragedy, because to a few thousand loggers who knew the job, the hand cutter made the woods.

The hand faller was an expert. He was a man of brain and of brawn. Usually unrelated, the combination of these two qualities produced an efficient cutter. As a worker he was conscientious, capable, proud, and to those who did not understand the skill required to be a cutter, his pride was often regarded as egotism.

The faller was distinguished from other loggers, rigging crew, by the fact that he was a "bush-eler"--which means a piece worker, paid by "the thousand feet" of logs felled, while the rigging crew was paid by the hour. A successful hand faller made his daily wage by the expert swing of his axe when he chopped the "face" of the tree, by the level pull of his saw as he "backed it up," by the clean break at the corners of the cut when he yelled "Down the hill" as the fir

crashed to the ground. This tree, bucked into logs, determined the amount of pay the faller would receive.

The hand cutter was known by the tools of his trade: axe, saw, wedges, undercutter and the inevitable oil bottle used to splash oil on the saw to "cut the pitch." No other woodsman carried an axe with a double bit: one bit flat on one side and honed to a razor's edge, the other bit not so sharp and used for "brushing or swamping." No other logger carried a falling saw, a seven and one-half foot sliver of shining steel that almost touched the ground when thrown over a faller's shoulder. With the cutting teeth sharpened to a keen slant, the rakers nearly flush, this saw would sing and twang out long slivers of wood as it ate its way to the heart of the tree.

This expert has become as scarce as the bison, as numbered as the bald eagles, as outdated as the Model T since the innovation of the power saw. No longer does a cutter take pride in his sharpened axe, he seldom needs one. No longer does a faller carry an oil bottle; power saws are equipped with an oiler. No longer does a logger carry an undercutter or use a spring board, faster cutting power saws have replaced these once standard items. The rush of time has eliminated this craftsman.

Der Geist Von Gott

*Luft ist wie der Geist Gottes.
Er besteht überall wo wir blicken.
Er füllt den ganzen Raum
Aber bleibt unsichtbar.
Wir können den Wind spüren
Wenn sie durch eine Baublüte blast,
Sie ist wie der Geist
Wenn er durch uns fließt.*

The Spirit of God

*Air is like the Spirit of God.
It exists everywhere we look,
It fills all space, but remains invisible.
We can feel the wind
When it blows through the blossom of a tree,
Just like when the Spirit flows through us.*

John M. McRae Jr.

Picking Up The Pieces

*The moon above the inland sea
Whispers sweet promises softly to me
While I sit cowering in the darkness here,
The befriending moon sends stray lightbeams near
And the trees in the forest rustle softly
With the wind that blows so coldly on me.*

*And I sit nights alone 'midst these same trees
And marvel at all that had passed by me
And pondered on all that would come.*

*For the winds that come from everywhere
Across this world over lands and seas
If they could only speak in ways I could hear,
And would this earth-- this sky-- speak to me,
Perhaps could reveal in the falling of leaves
A pattern too vast to be seen.*

Therese Shellebarger

One starling above
the others

quick black
between amberveined poplar leaves
its song toward the
sun is
water uphill

Jonathan Mather

I spit into the wind.
It slaps me right back.
Wiping it away
I smile,
At least it wasn't a rock,
or a train. . .
Besides, I am glad
to be washed with saliva,
When it could have been
the searing fallout of
the wasted dreams of our
Dads.

Winter Crossing

Seven days winter has hung
Her sicles in the air.
The length of the valley adrift
struggling to awaken and
Shake off the clouds of
Ice that have poured in
off Snake River Gorge
Like the strange white
Harvest of some
Wild river poppy.

Kirk McKinley



One night as I went walkin down by Farmer Casey's land,
I thought I heard a merry tune that seemed so close at hand.
I found no radio or phone, just an old bandstand,
And the Whole Caboodle Cock-a-Doodle Barnyard Rhythm Band.

Farmer Casey was playin the bass and he jumped like a kangaroo,
A cat with a fiddle was right in the middle and he was a good one too.
Harry Strawberry was pickin that banjo, man he really could jam,
While Big Plum Drum kept passin out the rum and playin a BIM BOOM BLAM!

I'm a tellin you that Mandolin Orange could sure squeeze out a tune,
And all them critters started whirlin under the harvest moon.
Then Otto Harp, the handyman, introduced the star:
Twas ol Bob Dill, the singin pickle, strummin on his guitar.

With a hey diddle diddle a hop an a fiddle, the dancin got so hot
That Chicken Licken and Ducky Daddles were doin the turkey trot;
Little Dog Gone just howled at the moon and Turkey Lurky gobbled,
And Old Horse Hyde he danced a jig until his old knees wobbled.

That ol goat Billy just danced himself silly with a Cow Cow Yippy-i-yay,
And so all night in the yellow moonlight they played till the break of day.
And since the wild hoedown I've never heard a sound so grand,
As the Whole Caboodle Cock-a-Doodle Barnyard Rhythm Band.

Joe Stevenson

Trails' End: Mink or Swim

Arne Denny

Lauri and Esther Pernu began mink ranching with only three mink. They built their first pens adjacent to their home, south of Seaside, where Lauri worked for the Civilian Conservation Corps under FDR's New Deal. They gradually built up their knowledge and stock of mink until they made the decision to find a bigger home. The Pernus found the room they needed almost three miles upriver from the Lewis and Clark winter camp of 1805.

Lauri and Esther built their home amidst the familiar firs and scrub brush of the North Coast on a gentle slope that faces the morning sun. From this point Lauri worked an additional seven years at different jobs, but mainly as an electrician in the wartime shipyards. Later, when they acquired 127 female mink in August of 1946, Lauri and Esther began full time mink ranching. Lauri and Esther named their mink ranch the Trail's End Fur Farm, in honor of the Lewis and Clark camp.

Lauri built his mink sheds from good cedar and fir. Yet, he admits "the sight is not especially pleasing, but the sheds are functional and durable." Inside the sheds the weather-darkened wood lends a cool atmosphere to the pen areas. In the winter 2400 mink scramble about in their wire cages. Each cage contains one mink. Every cage also contains a wooden nest box. The

nest box fits tightly into the top of the cage. Without the nest box the mink would have to sleep on the wired floor. Winnie Lund, who has worked at Trail's End for twenty years, explains how "the only time we shut the mink out of their boxes is when they are messy housekeepers and use it for a toilet. Otherwise the mink would wallow in their own droppings and ruin their pelts.

The mink are wild. Their bite hurts. Winnie says "We wear gloves, like welder's gloves, of very heavy



The mink's activity bobbing and weaving, contrasts with the subdued atmosphere of the mink sheds.

leather. When you catch a mink, you grab it first by the tail, then your other hand goes around its back, behind the forelegs. Mink ranching would be impossible if the mink didn't have tails."

Ranching at Trail's End Fur Farm would also be more difficult without the wooden clothespin. The

White painted clothespins attached to each cage identify these as breeder minks. Penciled on each white clothespin is the number of the mink. This number corresponds to a breeder card with the history of the mink written on it. Esther explains how many ranchers don't use the clothespins, "but we find it useful to just clip the pin on our coveralls when we move the mink from cage to cage. We then return the pin to the new cage. It saves us a lot of complicated record keeping."

In the summer and fall the mink population swells from 2400, 2000 breeder females and 400 breeder males, to 10,000 growing, hungry mink. Of the 7000 kits, mink kittens, all of the ranch wild and all but the best of the purebreds are destined for pelting. The ranch wild, a popular cross of blue and brown minks, are identified by unpainted clothespins. The purebred kits are identified by yellow clothespins marked with the kit number, size of litter and color. This information helps the Pernus decide which kits to keep for breeder replacement.

The North Coast weather, the constant rain which upsets so many people, helps produce fine pelts. The moisture in the air allows mink to develop silky smooth pelts without extreme cold. Canadian, Mid-western and European winters often combine extreme cold and strong winds to singe the mink's fur. Singed fur, where the tips of the

Dale Dunagan feeds the mink at a rate of three mink per second. During the summer this is an all-day job.



longer guard hairs curl and hook from the cold, feels ragged when your hand runs over the pelt.

Esther firmly stretches a pelt between her clenched hands while she quickly blows on the fur. The fur parts easily and she holds it back with her thumbs. The underfur is thick and even. The darker guard hairs are not as thick and extend an almost uniform 3/16ths of an inch beyond the underfur. When grading the pelts Esther looks first for feel. Her hand should flow over the pelt. Then she checks the pelt's color. The fur should part easily when she blows on it and the breath should expose a white leather. White indicates a prime pelt. A mink that was pelted as little as two days before or after prime will exhibit a less sharp fur. She then looks at the uniformity of the fur quality, color and the important balance of underfur and guard hairs.

Lauri portrays his business as

an ecologist's dream. "My mink eat fish byproducts, from the Astoria canneries; chicken byproducts; or even fluked livers, in the last weeks before pelting. The mink use the rejects of human consumption to produce fine longlasting garments. After pelting the bodies are rendered for their oil to produce shoe greases, hand lotions and leather softeners. The mink cycle is completely no waste. It was the same 50 years ago and it will remain the same for 50 years into the future. In comparison, synthetic garments produced at the expense of petroleum products are not as durable or as finely made."

Both Lauri and Esther grew up in Clatsop County. Lauri describes the growth of their farm in terms of "doing what worked out, mostly trial and error." Yet, it is not a smug feeling. Lauri and Esther figure there have been nearly 100 mink ranches in Clatsop County. Deaths and hard times - disease catastrophes, changes in style trends and economic problems - have cut the number of active Clatsop County mink ranches to nine. The many abandoned mink sheds can be seen throughout Clatsop County. Look for the long, low lying, weathered sheds running north to south as you drive the counties' back roads. Since 1970 the number of U. S. ranches has declined from 7,000 to 1,230.

Rising costs are the main reason for so many farmers "pelting out." During the summer and fall Lauri's

10,000 mink require 6,000 pounds of fresh food a day. When you consider that Lauri competes with pet food manufacturers for his feed you can see the high costs of mink ranching. Trail's End uses one million pounds of feed per year. The average pet owner may not think twice about a one cent per pound increase, but that costs Lauri an additional \$10,000.

Few people can afford to just enter mink ranching. Once they buy the obvious pens and sheds they face the costs of buying breeder mink and cold storage facilities. Breeder mink run as high as \$500 a pair and without proper experienced care they may easily die. Cold storage facilities are essential to insure that the mink receive fresh food. Even if the novice rancher can afford the many expenses the real shock comes with the realization that mink ranching is a seven day a week job.

Despite the many problems Lauri and Esther draw pride and pleasure from their mink farm. Esther reasons, "The world is our market. We are not at the mercy of a local economy, and unlike farmers bad weather is an aid."







Clatsop Community College Library



3 1680 00045 168 4

RAIN

1976

clatsop community college
astoria, oregon